When thou didst ride in triumph through the streetes.

Enter Dame Elnor Cobham bare-foote, and a white sheete about her, with a waxe Candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe & pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir Iohn Standly, and Officers, with Bils and Holbards.

Seruing. My gracious Lord, see wher my Lady comes,
Please it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?
Humph. I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon heere,
But let them do their office as they should.
Elnor. Come you my Lord to see my open shame?
Ah *Gloster*, now thou dost penance too,
See how the giddy people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent vp study rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.
Hum. Ah *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, forget this extreme griefe,
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.
Elnor. Ah Gloster, teach me to forget my selfe,
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
The thought of this doth kill my wofull heart.
The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,
And when I start, the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be aduised how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in shame, with papers on my backe,
Ah Gloster, can I endure this and liue?
Sometime ile say I am Duke *Humphreys* wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I his fore-lorne Dutchesse
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,
To euery idle rascald follower.
Humfrey. My louely *Nell*, what wouldst thou haue me do?

Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
I should incurre the danger of the law,
And thy disgrace would not be shaddowed so.
Elnor. Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgra
Vntill the axe of death hang ore thy head,
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolke he,
The new made Duke, that may do all in all
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,
And impious *Yorke*, and *Bewford* that false Priest,
Haue all lymde bushes to betray thy wings,
And flye thou how thou canst, they will entangle
Enter a Herald of Armes.
Herald. I summon your Grace vnto his High
holden at S. *Edmonds-Bury*, the first of the next M
Hum. A Parliament, and our consent neuer cra
Therein before. This is——
Well, we will be there. E
Master Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further again
Lady, then the course of law extends.
Sher. Please it your Grace, my office here doth
And I must deliuer her to Sir *Iohn Stanly*.
To be conducted into the Isle of Man.
Humfrey. Must you sir *Iohn* conduct my Lady
Standly. I my gracious Lord, for so it is decree
And I am so commanded by the King.
Humph. I pray you sir *Iohn*, vse her nere the wor
In that I intreate you to vse her well.
The world may smile againe, and I may liue
To do you fauour, if you do it her,
And so sir *Iohn* farewell.
Elnor. What gone my Lord, and bid not me fa
Humph. Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot
Exit Humfrey and
Elnor. Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone,
And doth Duke *Humfrey* now forsake me too?
Then let me haste from out faire Englands bound
Come *Standly* come, and let vs haste away.